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living men in the environment and under the circumstances selected by the author. The latter cannot "make" these men do anything or feel anything or think anything. He must be content to *show* us what *they* do or feel or think. When he allows himself to do the first, he becomes a propagandist instead of a maker of literature. This is how Mr. Barbusse has failed in *Light*. For Simon Paulin is merely Henri Barbusse, and Henri Barbusse is not showing us the soul of a poilu, but is preaching to us a gospel of anarchy that originates in his own soul.

He himself, no doubt, does not call it anarchy, because he feels that out of the darkness he has pictured, there will come light. But light cannot come out of darkness; it can only come instead of darkness. If it seem to spring from darkness, this is only because of certain elements of light that lie hidden in the darkness and are not of it. Mr. Barbusse does not point for us, or let Simon Paulin discover for us, any of these elements. In the darkness which he has created for us there are shadowed forth only gloomy negations. There is no body of wisdom or science, there is no moral law, there is no religion, there is no God—"We are in a great night of the world." It is a good thing for civilization that this night has existed in the mind of Mr. Barbusse rather than, as he would have us believe, in the souls of the men of France, else there would have been no Marne or Verdun or Château-Thierry, and "They," to whom the author so constantly but vaguely alludes, as grinding the face of humanity, would now reign supreme not only in France but in all civilization.

SHINING FIELDS AND DARK TOWERS. By John Bunker. New York: John Lane Company.

There is so little to be said against Mr. Bunker's volume of poems, and after reading it one is so certain that Mr. Bunker himself must be a charming and companionable person that it seems singularly ungracious to withhold a critic's praise.

Glancing through the pages of his book, one is pleasantly reminded of the great and familiar dead,—the Elizabethans, Herrick and Francis Thompson. It is clear that Mr. Bunker loves

and appreciates them. What is not clear is that he has anything of his own which forces itself into utterance or which has not been uttered before. Too much is now being written for readers to spend their time on anything less than that which is excellent. Mr. Bunker's work is never less than fair, but never more. The first sonnet, from a suite called "Judgment," illustrates his capacities of limitations and his devotion to the manner of his predecessors:—

Looking abroad upon this populous earth,
 Strange thoughts I have, harsh and embittered,
 That turn my shining dreams to sandy dearth
 And bend with care my once exalted head :
 As seeing want that slinks away to die
 And full-blown plenty making wild carouse,
 And sodden baseness deaf to honor's cry,
 And mad ambition shaking this world's house,
 And raging lust acting in beastly kind,
 And robed injustice dealing forth the law,
 And pompous power to trampled merit blind,
 And human trust that leans upon a straw ;
 These but to know is the chargèd cup to drain
 Of hate and scorn and all-embittering pain.

Reading which, Mr. W. H. would have smiled, no doubt,
 pleasantly. W. P.

SIMLA: A TALE OF LOVE. By Stanwood Cobb. Pp. vii+145. Boston :
 The Cornhill Company.

THE LOVER'S ROSARY. By Brookes More. Boston : The Cornhill Company.

MAN-O'-WAR RHYMES. By Burt Franklin Jenness. Pp. x+91. Boston :
 The Cornhill Company.

"Simla," says Mr. Cobb, "represents the highest that Hindu thought achieved; Sita, the New Truth that reconciles flesh and spirit, love and life, the world and the soul." The narrative traces the ripening love, the wedded love, and the fully matured love of the pair, and by the use of pleasing symbols sets forth the means of "harmonizing Oriental asceticism with the New World love of action and love of life." The style is uneven and the author's skill as an artist can by no means be termed finished, yet his work expresses a fine personal sincerity that will make, we hope, in the long run, for artistic sincerity.